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*Henry C. Hayden.*

# POEMS

BY

HENRY C. HAYDEN

*SECOND EDITION.*

BOSTON  
RAND AVERY COMPANY

*The Franklin Press*

1888

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**BY HENRY C. HAYDEN.**



PS  
1904  
H32 A17

To My Wife.



Along the pathway of a busy life,  
I've gathered here and there a modest flower,  
Together tied them in a leisure hour.  
If bloom or beauty in the gathering  
Have suffered from my touch, perchance you'll say,  
He should have left them blooming by the way.



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## POEMS.

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### FUNERAL OF THE LEAVES.

UPON their wings the pitying winds are bearing  
A legion of dead leaves so lately slain :  
They fell before the frost-king like the rain,  
And on they go to burial. Who is caring?  
One drooping bud, one faded, withered flower,  
Cannot be found as mourners in their train ;  
So to their graves, like paupers in a wain,  
The friends are few to mourn their burial-hour.  
Yet as they lie uncoffined, in death sleeping,  
The silent dew in grief will shed a tear,  
The winds will sob and cry above their bier ;  
It matters not if only two are weeping :  
Even dead leaves, wherever they may blow,  
Mourners will have, and a white tomb of snow.

## THE BABY FOUND.

A DEAR little baby had strayed away  
From the wonderful realm of Love one day.

The sorrowful king at once declared  
The beautiful baby could not be spared.

He gave a command that the child be found,  
And they searched the kingdom of Love around.

But they searched in vain, and were filled with dread :  
“The child must have wandered to earth,” they said.

Then the king commanded to search again  
In every corner of his domain ;

To proclaim the loss, and to bring him word  
If any had seen or any had heard



Of the darling baby that strayed away  
From the wonderful realm of Love that day.

But they found it not, and again returned.  
Then the heart of the king with sorrow burned ;

For his hope of finding the child had fled.  
“It must have wandered to earth,” he said.

O king of the wonderful realm of Love !  
The baby is here ; and the angels above

Are watching with us on the earth to-day  
O'er the darling baby that strayed away.

## CHRISTMAS NOW AND THEN.

A LITTLE scarlet stocking  
Hanging from a chair ;  
A little cradle rocking,  
Baby sleeping there.

A mother kneeling, praying  
For a Saviour's care,  
Sees not the silver lining,  
Only golden hair.

. . . . .

A stocking in the drawer,  
Cradle down below ;  
A little marble tablet  
Hidden by the snow.

A mother looking inward,  
On this Christmas morn,  
Can see the silver lining,—  
Feels that Christ was born.

## FOUR SONGS TO THE SEA.

I SANG a song in my childish glee,  
To the shining sea, the beautiful sea ;  
    Running barefoot in the sand,  
    Tossing pebbles on the strand,  
This is the song I sang to the sea,  
And this is the answer that came to me : —

“Send rippling waves to kiss my feet,  
    And I will give a kiss to thee ;  
I know that you will gladly greet  
    A happy little child like me.”

“I’ll send the softest waves with joy,  
    And music sweet by breezes fanned ;  
For the rough sea of life, my boy,  
    Hath depths you cannot understand.”

In youth I sang a song to the sea,—  
To the restless sea, the changing sea;  
    Listening to the dashing waves  
    Echoing from ocean caves,  
This is the reckless song that I sang,  
This is the answer that ever rang:—

“Thy angry waves bare rocks may beat,  
    The cold shore lash till time shall end:  
Wreck on the reefs an hundred fleet,  
    If fortune's ship to me you'll send.”

“I'll send the ship you ask of me  
    With treasures from an unseen land:  
The sea of life disturbeth thee;  
    Its depths youth cannot understand.”

Again I sang a song to the sea,—  
The raging sea, the terrible sea;  
    Listening to the thundering tide,  
    Wrecks and death on every side,  
I madly sang a song to the sea:  
This quieting answer came to me:—

“Where is my ship, O treacherous main?  
My brain is wild in life’s mad race :  
I call to thee, false sea, again ;  
I turn in anger from thy face.”

“Thy ship will come, as I have told ;  
Impatience only sorrow brings ;  
Pray listen to the story old ;  
Celestial treasures have not wings.”

An aged man, I sang to the sea, —  
The peaceful sea, the wonderful sea ;  
Standing on the shore alone,  
Listening to the undertone,  
My farewell song I sang to the sea ;  
This comforting answer came to me : —

“The ship you promised long ago  
I dimly see now coming in :  
Fair winds at length propitious blow ;  
I wonder where my ship has been.”

“The pearls of wisdom, virtues rare,  
Love and trust, that God has given,  
Your worn, long-coming life-ship bear, —  
These are your passport into heaven.”

## ONLY A SPRIG OF HOLLY.

ONLY a sprig of holly  
That he had sent to me,  
With two red shining berries :  
Could gift more simple be ?

And yet my cheeks were blushing  
That happy Christmas morn :  
My heart revealed the secret, —  
My love for him was born.

I wore it at my bridal ;  
And, when he kissed me there,  
I found that one red berry  
Had fallen from my hair.

My heart said, " 'Tis an omen ; "  
And thus it proved to be :  
He lies in yonder churchyard  
Beneath a linden-tree, —



And I the gift of holly  
Am wearing on my breast,  
With only one red berry —  
I need not tell the rest.

## GENERAL GRANT.

*[Read at the Commemorative Services.]*

WE come not to the funeral of a king,  
Whose weak, reluctant subjects tribute pay ;  
Who with unwilling voices praises sing :  
'Tis not for kings we celebrate to-day.

No jewelled crown bespeaks a regal birth ;  
No emblems of a kingly court are here,  
Announcing that a potentate of earth  
Awaits a nation's homage at his bier.

The drooping flags at half-mast on the sea,  
On shaft and tower, on hill-top and on plain,  
Tell of a soldier who to-day is free, —  
Tell of a nation's loss, a nation's pain.

Emblems of mourning hang from roof and hall ;  
The noise of trade is hushed, and brave men weep :  
For a dead hero lies beneath his pall,  
Who nevermore will waken from his sleep.

Here to commemorate the valiant deeds  
Of him who now to sepulchre is borne,  
We come with a great nation, whom God leads,  
In his mysterious providence, to mourn.

No battle-cry will e'er disturb his sleep ;  
A nation's danger will not call him forth  
To lead her armies and her honor keep.  
Mourn the brave soldier dead, O South ! O North !

For noble deeds, ye brothers, give him praise : —  
For sacrifice he made to conquer wrong,  
For Freedom's altar that he helped to raise,  
Praise him to-day with eloquence and song.

## LOVE THE KEY.

WE spend our lives in searching for a key  
To unlock the mystic door to happiness ;  
Weary at length, unsatisfied, confess  
That we are blind, but hoping yet to see.

Amid the rubbish and the wealth of life,  
Persistently we seek ; and toil in vain  
For that we could so easily obtain  
With less of weariness and anxious strife.

Forgetting self, if we would turn aside,  
Extend to those who need a kindly hand,  
Obeying cheerfully the Lord's command,  
The door to happiness would open wide.

Search as we will, love is the only key  
That will unlock that door for you and me.

EASTER-TIME.

THIS Easter brings release to me,  
Through Christ the open door.  
My heart, long bound, henceforth is free ;  
I wonder and adore.

Life's music now inspires my soul  
With sounds supremely sweet ;  
For I have found the royal goal  
Is at my Saviour's feet.

I have been pardoned, and to-day  
My soul is out of prison ;  
Nor needs an angel's voice to say  
That Christ the Lord has risen.

## WHEREFORE.

If man is but a thought of God, then born  
    Into the shadows of this fleeting life,  
    With an imperfect armor for the strife,  
To fight like misty clouds the sun at morn,  
    To be subdued and ever held at bay,  
    Helpless as night before the god of day;  
If the Creator gave us fleeting breath  
    To run deluded for an earthly prize,  
    To find at length we ran with blinded eyes,  
Only to live and then shake hands with death,  
    Without a vision of the royal goal  
    Within the sacred temple of the soul,—  
We are but creatures of the senseless clod,  
And not the children of a loving God.

## THE BABY.

“Do you think that the baby looks like me?  
Just hold up the darling, and let me see.  
Ah! his father’s mouth, and his mother’s nose,  
And such tiny fingers, and rosy toes!  
Never a baby more welcome than he  
Ever came over love’s wonderful sea.  
Now lay him down gently, just by my face,  
In the softest, warmest, cosiest place,  
That near to my heart his slumbers shall be, —  
This bright living jewel now given to me.”

O precious soul on the billows of life,  
Amid the rough waves of sorrow and strife,  
We pray that thy voyage propitious may be,  
Dear little traveller, out on life’s sea!

**BIRTHDAYS.**

OUR birthdays are the milestones on life's way,  
Marking the years of pleasure and of pain ;  
And many a weary traveller will say,  
There is much more of loss in life than gain.

Although the journey may be sometimes drear,  
Bright resting-places greet us here and there,  
And in the darkening hours of doubt and fear  
We find relief in sacrifice and prayer.

The hot sands often burn our tired feet,  
The way is steep and rugged oftentimes,  
But rest at length, refreshing, peaceful, sweet,  
Comes to the patient traveller who climbs.



Let every step be firm, each motive high ;  
That we may upward look, be still our prayer.  
The journey may seem long, but by and by  
A crown that He hath promised we shall wear.

## NEGLECTED DUTY.

THE bells were calling to evening prayer,  
As I fell asleep in my easy-chair.

I dreamed that an angel bid me rise,  
And I stood at the gate of Paradise.

Ineffable rapture thrilled my soul;  
Impatient to reach the heavenly goal,

I turned to the angel at my side, —  
“The portal open at once!” I cried.

The angel answered, “It is for thee  
To unlock the gate. Hast thou the key, —

“The golden key that is forged by prayer,  
Then welded by faith and works with care,

“Tempered and finished by sacrifice,  
That opens the gate to Paradise?”

The angel vanished. I woke in my chair,  
The bells still calling to evening prayer.

## UNFORGIVEN.

I SAID an unkind word. My boy looked up  
Into my face, half angry, half afraid ;  
His hand upon my arm he quickly laid,  
But did not speak : it was a bitter cup.

His look, so strange and wild, I'll ne'er forget.  
I struggled hard to say a kindly word,  
But my proud will forbade ; and soon I heard  
His hurried footsteps—ah, I hear them yet !

It cannot be my boy has left his home ;  
'Twas but a hasty word, I meant no harm ;  
But oh the bitter grief it brought, alarm !  
I watched and watched in vain : he did not come.

Too soon I found the boy I loved had fled,—  
A sea between me and my darling child.  
Oh, how my poor heart ached ! my brain grew wild,  
And every thing around me then seemed dead.

I've borne the burden of that word for years.

I'd give a world, if it were mine to give,

If my dead boy could hear me say, "Forgive."

Oh, pity me, ye mothers, in my tears!

## MORNING AND EVENING.

FROM Salem town, one sabbath morn,  
A boat sailed out to sea :  
From roof and rock, and bush of thorn,  
The birds sang merrily ;  
Bright were the skies, the breezes fair, —  
Praises to God were in the air.

Church-bells rang out a happy chime, —  
Rang as they had before ;  
You could have heard their welcome call  
A league at sea, or more :  
The boat was not a mile away,  
When church-bells rang that sabbath day.

While prayers were said, and praises sung,  
Throughout that quiet town,  
The "Fairy," with its precious souls,  
Into the deep went down, —

Three bodies drifting in the sea ;  
Three souls out in eternity.

When twilight came that sabbath eve,  
Dark waves upon the shore  
Moaned and moaned a sadder dirge  
Than ever heard before, —  
Nor song of birds, nor sound of bells,  
But sobs and cries, and ocean knells.

. . . . .

Were all our treasures lost at sea,  
We'll trust, O God, we'll trust in thee !

## CHRISTMAS.

FULL at the inn ! The birthplace of our King  
More lowly yet must be, than that rude inn ;  
More humble sacrifice be made for sin  
By Him who doth to all salvation bring.

Jehovah spake ; and from the heavens a star,  
Brighter than all the diadems of earth,  
While angels sang the praises of His birth,  
Obeying, led the Magi from afar.

In swaddling-clothes, among the stallèd kine,  
His regal bed a manger, but his crown  
Supernal light that from God's throne shone down,  
They found the King of kings, the Child divine.

His grace we feel, we recognize his sway,  
And hail with joy the Saviour's natal day !



## SPRING.

AWAY she flew to the rivers and fountains,  
That Winter had locked with his icy key ;  
With her warm breath and kisses unlocked them,  
Whispering softly, "I come. Ye are free."

Flowers that were sleeping down in the valleys  
Hear her soft footsteps, and open their eyes ;  
Grasses and mosses awake at her coming,  
And birds are singing new songs in the skies.

Down from the hillsides waters come leaping,  
Waking the brooklets in meadow and dell ;  
Voices of waters, from mountain to ocean,  
Are chanting to Winter a gladsome farewell.

Welcome, thrice welcome, sweet smiling maiden !  
And thanks for the happy voices you bring ;  
From mountain to valley, from meadow to ocean,  
The captives of Winter thy praises now sing.

## GONE.

WE had a darling little daughter,  
Sent down from heaven one summer morn ;  
Just as the golden sun had risen,  
Leading darkness out of prison,  
Our little girl was born.

A happy robin 'mong the branches  
Of an olden elm-tree, near our door,  
Had tuned its voice to sweetest singing ;  
For in her nest a baby birdling  
Was born an hour before.

. . . . .

November's chilling winds are blowing,  
And the swinging branches sear and bare  
An empty cradle now are rocking ;  
For birds to fairer climes are flocking,  
And birdling is not there.

An angel came one autumn morning,

When the winds were cold, and trees were bare.

The music of the wind is mocking;

For baby's cradle is not rocking,—

Our darling is not there.

WANDERING.

I HAVE wandered to the mountain,  
And the night is dark and cold ;  
I am lost ! O heavenly Shepherd,  
Where is the fold ?

I am weary, weak, and helpless,  
But still hoping as I stand,  
Reaching out into the darkness,  
To feel thy hand.

I am waiting for thy coming,  
For the fold, and safety there ;  
I shall perish, loving Shepherd,  
Without thy care.

Hark ! I hear the Shepherd calling,  
And the morning sky of gold  
Sends a light across the mountain :  
I see the fold !

THE RED EAR OF CORN.

ONE bright October morning,  
A long, long time ago,  
Beside the whispering cornfield  
I met sweet Jennie Rowe.

The golden ears were peeping  
Through silvery husks to see  
Two little lovers wooing  
By the cornfield on the lea.

I ran, and brought to Jennie  
A bright red ear of corn ;  
Quickly the crimson blushes  
On her soft cheeks were born.

We ran across the meadow,  
Our hearts brimful of bliss :  
Jennie kept the ear of corn,  
And I the cornfield kiss.

*The Red Ear of Corn.*

As through the frosty meadow,  
An aged man, I go,  
I feel that kiss upon my lips  
Of fifty years ago.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

OUR little boy Lorrimer, four years old,  
With inquisitive eyes, and curls of gold,  
Was told at the breakfast-table one morn,  
That a dear little sister to him was born.

“Where’s mother?” he said: “I guess she’ll be glad.  
Is the baby good? Perhaps she is bad.  
I’m bad sometimes. I hope she is good:  
I guess she’s one of the ‘babes in the wood.’

“Now, papa, please tell me who brought her here.”  
“The doctor, my child, — the doctor, my dear.”  
“Why don’t they bring the baby down stairs,  
To eat her breakfast, and then say her prayers?”

“The baby can’t eat, for teeth she has none.  
Never mind now: eat your breakfast, my son.”  
The boy straightened up, well filled with surprise,  
Opening wide his inquisitive eyes, —

Said, "Papa, tell doctor to take her away,  
And finish her, so she can eat and play.  
I guess I don't want any sister dear,  
Without any teeth, like a chicken, here."

AUTUMN MEMORIES.

SHOWERS of autumn leaves,  
Crimson, russet, and gold,  
Falling on ripened sheaves,  
Painting wayside and wold;

Music of little feet  
Marching under the trees;  
Shoutings out in the street;  
Children catching at leaves.

Memories of autumn days  
Crowding into my brain,  
Thinking of childish ways,  
Giving pleasure and pain.

Under a leafless tree,  
Weeping, waiting, I stand,  
Childless: these sights to me  
Picture a little hand

Playing with autumn leaves.

Looking upward, I see

Hanging a heavy cloud

Hiding that hand from me.

## JANUARY 1.

ANOTHER page within the book of Time  
By the recording angel has been turned ;  
On it the story of a year is told,  
With all the good and bad deeds of a world,  
Its sins and its repentings, — all are there :  
Many a life-ship stranded on the shore,  
Where the high tides of Time will ebb and flow,  
Until Eternity's wild wave shall lash  
The shore, and carry all far out upon  
A dark and unknown sea.

If man would read

The future, he must learn, and well, from out  
The primer of each swift evolving year,  
The alphabet of Time.

## LIFE'S JOURNEY.

“WE have taken a long journey, John,  
Happily together,  
Up and down life's rugged mountain,  
In all kinds of weather ;  
We have seen along the way  
Lights and shadows day by day.

“You remember one May morning, John,  
When the birds were singing  
In the lindens near the old church,  
While the bells were ringing, —  
Wedding-bells with happy chime, —  
You remember well the time.

“You remember, too, the dear ones, John,  
We led along the way ;  
How we struggled in the dark hours  
When they inclined to stray :

Though they wandered now and then,  
The Saviour brought them back again.

“An angel came three times, you know, John,  
And took those God had given ;  
Although we knew it was his will,  
It brought us nearer heaven.  
Trials brought us near to God,  
Trusting as we felt the rod.

“We are out upon the plain now, John,  
And life's sun is sinking ;  
It is a golden sunset ours,  
And I have been thinking,  
When the twilight shall grow dim,  
We shall get new light from him.

“When we step into the river, John,  
Our Saviour's cross we'll see ;  
And clinging to it we shall float  
Into eternity,—  
Safe upon the other shore ;  
Struggle, wait, and weep, no more.”

## LABORERS WANTED.

HEAR ye the call that comes over the sea?  
'Tis the Master calling, calling for thee.  
Go forth, go forth, at the voice of the Word,  
Into the ripening fields of the Lord!  
Gather the grain.

Hear ye the voices that call you at home?  
Why stand ye here idle? Will ye not come?  
Go feeding the hungry, and clothing the poor:  
The harvests are ripening just at your door.  
Gather the grain.

Go work for the Master, the world is his field;  
The Spirit is calling, will ye not yield?  
A crown of glory to you will be given;  
Doing his work, ye are entering heaven.  
Gather the grain.



MOLLIE AND GRANDFATHER.

"I'M sorry, dear grandpa, you're going away,  
I couldn't help crying this morning at play,  
When I thought of what mother and aunt Mary said,  
As Jennie and I lay awake in our bed.

"Now, grandpa, please take me once more on your knee ;  
Put your glasses on straight, and then you can see  
To read me a story ; then kiss me good-night.  
I'm so sorry you're going ! I don't think it's right.

"When mother was your little darling like me,  
I guess she used to climb up on your knee,  
And you told her stories, then rocked her to sleep  
After giving a kiss, as you do me, to keep.

"I'll write you, dear grandpa, almost every day,  
Send love and sweet kisses, while you are away ;  
I'll pray for you, too, just as well as I can,  
I wish I could pray like a woman or man."

“What do you mean, child? What did aunt Mary say?  
Did your mother ask her to take me away?  
I cannot believe they would treat me thus ill,  
My heart is fast throbbing, it will not keep still.”

“Why, mother told auntie that you had been here  
With us in the city for many a year;  
That you’d better go home with her for a while,  
Away from the city, away from the style;

“That she had so much company, rich and gay,  
And sometimes you really were quite in the way;  
That now you were getting quite deaf, and quite lame,  
And making more trouble than when you first came.

“Then aunt Mary said, ‘I’ll take father home,  
But what shall I do when my visitors come?  
I have no spare room for him, Jennie, you know:  
I cannot see why we are both troubled so’”—

“Stop, my child! stop, my child! Pray say nothing  
more,  
My poor heart is breaking;” then closing his door,  
He took from the table his dear Bible worn,  
And from a stained page, on a leaf that was torn,

These words of the Saviour in sorrow he read :  
“Forgive them,” “forgive them ;” a prayer he then said,  
And in sweet submission to his Father’s will,  
Awaited —and trusting, with no fear of ill —

The unwelcome morning when he should depart  
From the home of his childhood, the home of his  
heart.

That night crept in Mollie, and prayed by his bed.  
The morning dawned not upon him : he was dead.

And, when they told Mollie her grandpa was dead,  
With eyes filled with tears, to her mother she said,  
“Mamma, do you think that the angels will say  
To grandpa in heaven, that he’s in the way?”

## THREE INSTEAD OF FOUR.

I LAY the table as I did last year,  
And place the chairs around it as before :  
Oh ! if I only could hold back the tear,  
And they not see it, — three instead of four !

They now are coming, in their youthful glee :  
I'll hide my face a little by the door ;  
They may not notice any change in me  
When they are passing, — three instead of four.

I looked around, but did not see them all,  
As on Thanksgiving Day a year ago :  
One loving, struggling tear, I let it fall,  
When a sweet spirit-voice came whispering low.

I listened, heedless of the others near,  
Thanking my Father for all mercies given.  
I wonder if my darling saw that tear :  
It is not very far from earth to heaven.

I would not call him from the other shore  
To sit beside me at the feast to-night ;  
It only seemed but three instead of four,  
When, for a moment, God had hid the light.

## THE OTHER LIFE.

I KNOW not what the other life will be :  
I deem it will be one of peace and bliss ;  
If I have served my Master well in this,  
I'm sure that only good can come to me.

My teachers, in their wisdom, cannot tell :  
They do not seem to understand my needs.  
In confidence they point me to their creeds ;  
If I accept, they say it will be well.

I have not seen the pearly gates above,  
The golden streets, the throne, nor crýstal sea :  
My duty done, it is enough for me  
To know that all is sanctified by love.

I will not be impatient to know all,  
But do my duty, and await His call.

G. S. T.

DEATH cannot be a messenger of ill  
To him who faithfully his Master serves ;  
Who cheerfully accepts the work assigned,  
Serving unto the end with all his heart ;  
Who, in the dreary deserts of this life,  
Opens the cooling spring, or plants the shade,  
Where weary travellers may drink and rest ;  
Who holds the ladder for some timid soul  
To climb above its conflicts and its fears,  
And, through the telescope of Faith, behold  
That which the doubting soul had longed to see.  
Not unto him who served so valiantly,  
Obeying heavenly orders without fear,  
Was Death commissioned to display his power ;  
But to declare a message had been sent,  
Announcing that the King of kings desired  
His heavenly mansion should be occupied.

## DELAYED.

SHALL we listlessly stand with folded hands,  
For the Angel of Peace to come and bless, —  
To quiet the strife, and sever the bands  
That so closely bind us to selfishness?

In vain our awaiting her advent here,  
While the robe of Charity is not worn,  
While Passion knows not the price of a tear,  
While pearls from the neck of Virtue are torn ;

While Poverty weeps at the gate of Wealth,  
While Faith and Honor are murdered by gold,  
While Trust and Hope are made captives by stealth,  
While Truth for the price of a lie is sold.



O'er the deluge of sin, Peace will not fly  
With a signal of hope, like Noah's dove:  
We shall wait in vain for her hov'ring nigh,  
While the world is dead to the claims of Love.

## LINES

*Read at the dedication of the Masonic monument, Waterbury, Conn.,  
erected over the graves of poor Masons.*

THE mighty monuments of Egypt, reared  
By tyrant kings long centuries ago,  
Who loved not man, nor their Creator feared,  
Tell of past ages with their war and woe.

Among the wonders of a world they stand,  
Displaying ever matchless power and skill;  
Mountains of stone they rise, colossal, grand,  
Enduring trophies of the human will.

Rome's frescoed catacombs, time-worn and gray,  
Where Christian martyrs have for centuries lain,  
Speaking to us beside the Appian Way,  
Reveal the tyrant's loss, the Christian's gain.

What are the mighty sepulchres of earth,  
Or towering monuments to honor man,  
To mark their resting-place, their death or birth,  
In any land or age since time began, —

Compared in glory to that rock-hewn grave  
Where the great Conqueror of death was laid?  
The King of kings, who came a world to save,  
And for the bound of earth the ransom paid.

Infinite love, his crown; his sceptre, peace;  
Angels announced his mission to a world:  
The heavenly host sang songs of glad release,  
And hailed the flag of brotherhood unfurled.

Faith at his coming sang a joyous song;  
Hope from her bondage by his word was free;  
And patient Charity, who waited long,  
Saw love unlocked with his fraternal key.

Into a city where the sleeping dead  
Hear not our songs, nor listen to our prayers,  
Our willing feet fraternity has led,  
Again to prove what Masonry declares.

A century hence, some pilgrim on his way  
Perchance may pass this consecrated spot,  
And, as he looks upon this stone, will say,—  
“The humbler ones of earth were not forgot.”

Hail, ancient Order, with thy deeds of love !  
Thy kindly charities have blessed the poor,  
Turned many a pilgrim's eye to look above,  
And through the darkness see an open door.

Each age and nation has its history told ;  
The noble charities that each has given  
Within the “Book of Ages” are enrolled,  
And have their place in the archives of heaven.

Our loving deed, O Architect Divine !  
Wilt thou, we humbly pray thee, now approve :  
Then this fraternal act will ever shine,  
A star of beauty in the sky of love.

## WAITING.

ON the shore of time I linger,  
Looking out upon a sea  
Where the ships are sailing outward  
From this nether land and me.

These mysterious ships are bearing  
Treasures out upon the main,  
That the heart has loved and cherished;  
But they come not back again.

Faith and Hope speak words of comfort,  
As the ships sail out to sea.  
Were it not for these good angels  
That are cheering you and me,—

Life would be a heavy burden;  
And the shadows on the shore  
Would forever keep the sunlight  
From the soul's half-open door.

I will wait with resignation :  
My ship is coming by and by ;  
Through the darkness outward sailing,  
Underneath a heavenly sky, —

I shall find within the harbor,  
Safe upon the other shore,  
All my treasures that were taken,  
And heaven forevermore.

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

My tree of life in springtime promised well :  
The buds of faith and hope were full and fair ;  
Then blossoms with rich fragrance filled the air,  
Making my pathway sweeter where they fell.

The fruit appeared : I watched its growth with care ;  
Dark clouds of doubt and fear hung o'er my tree ;  
"Your fruit's in danger," oft was said to me.  
That it might live to ripen, was my prayer.

In autumn time, my fruitage gathered in,  
Perfect it seemed ; and to myself I said,  
"How poor the fruit when faith and hope are dead !  
Mine has escaped the withering blight of sin."

At length the fruit I tasted ; and I found,  
Forgetting works, I now must bear the pain, —  
That I had watched and waited long in vain.  
What looked so fair was bitter and unsound.



## FAITH.

My lamp of hope hath grown so feebly dim,  
I grope and feel my way like one that's blind ;  
I seek in vain, with trembling heart, to find  
A better way that leadeth unto Him.  
I said, "My lamp is filled with heavenly oil,"  
So bright it burned ; for then the narrow way  
Seemed broad enough, and easy ; but to-day  
I find what then was pleasure now is toil.  
I'll rise, and take my feeble light again,  
Although I know that pilgrims on the way,  
In passing me, triumphantly will say,  
"An untrimmed lamp hath caused him all his pain," —  
Assured at length, if I sincerely pray,  
That when my lamp goes out it will be day.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ESSAY ON DOUGLAS  
JERROLD.

EIGHTEEN hundred and three,  
January third,  
At London, o'er the sea,  
Jerrold's voice was heard.

Nor roar of cannon, or loud ringing bells,  
Proclaimed his humble birth:  
These are a nation's heralds, and announce  
The regal ones of earth.

Both wise and foolish ones of earth have been  
Treated alike in this old world of sin,—  
Have been compelled, the same as he,  
In babyhood to drink herb-tea;

Then kick and cry, be pricked with pins,  
And suffer from primeval sins.

. . . . .

Of a slender form, and mien  
Like a girl ;  
Hair as white as tow or flax,  
Not a curl ;

With a will as strong and wild  
As a man ;  
Forehead high, and rosy cheeks  
Without tan ;

With a round and roguish face ;  
Speaking eyes,  
Mischief in them, which he tried  
To disguise ;

With his toes exposed to view ;  
Hat-brim bent ;  
Trousers not quite whole behind,  
A little rent, —

Thus he looked, this English lad,  
As he went  
Knocking round among the boys  
Out in Kent.

. . . . .

England's wits are loud proclaimed  
Throughout the world ;  
But keener, dryer, wiser wit  
Was never hurled  
With greater power than by this man :  
Both high and low,  
In vain attempt to dodge his shaft,  
Received the blow.  
However sharp the weapon's edge,  
However deep the wound,  
All who suffered from his wit  
This consolation found :  
That wit which silenced noble lords,  
And vanquished Robert Peel,  
Was better than a common wound,  
Though it should never heal.

. . . . .

He had a garden laid,  
Well filled with flowers ;  
Happy the hours he spent  
Within its bowers.

There you might see him lifting up  
A drooping flower,  
That it might gain new strength to bloom  
Another hour.

Singing bird upon the tree ;  
Ugly worm, and humming-bee ;  
Tiny insect at his feet ;  
Children shouting in the street ;  
Sunlight dancing on the stream,  
Brighter than a silver dream ;  
Music in the linden-trees ;  
Ever-nervous aspen-leaves ;  
Shadows as they rise and fall  
From and on his garden-wall, —  
Jerrold heard and saw them all.

. . . . .

He breakfasted at eight ;  
Then among the trees,  
A-whistling as he went,  
Sniffing in the breeze ;

Followed by a black-tan  
Close upon his heels ;  
Talking with the gypsies  
Camping in the fields ;

Pulling pinks and roses,  
As he passed along ;  
Through the garden homeward,  
Singing some loved song.

He was intimate with Dickens :  
Walked together,  
Talked together ;  
Praised each other's hens and chickens.

(When upon a raid,  
Jerrold beat the very Dickens  
If a joke was played.)

Though unlike in form and feature,  
And in style,  
From each you felt the force of genius  
All the while.

Wherever either went,—  
To London or to Kent,—  
Their power the people felt,  
And to their genius knelt.

A strange and wondrous gift  
On each had been bestowed ;  
Common minds that met them  
Gave more than half the road.  
And so you'll find it any day :  
Mind always has the right of way.

. . . . .

His morn and silver noon of life is past ;  
Now only shadows where his sun has shone ;  
His once bright sky is early overcast :  
The work of Douglas Jerrold soon is done.

Soon to feel the dart from death's dark quiver ;  
Soon upon the unseen narrow river,  
Between two worlds, but for a moment's stay :  
Then lifts the curtain to eternal day.



EXTRACTS FROM AN ESSAY ON THE  
CHARACTER OF RICHARD THIRD.

WE study well, and with the best intent,  
The character of this base son of York,  
By his Satanic Majesty let loose,  
To play his wicked pranks on friends and foes,  
To purify their royal blood with steel,—  
The letting-out of which ran far too free  
For their continuance,—by him required,  
To give his mad ambition more content.  
The “War of Roses” should have left perfume  
Sweeter than drying blood upon a block;  
And purer air for princes innocent,  
Than that inhaled beneath a pillow pressed.  
An autopsy of this strange son of York  
Would show a large and much-diseasèd brain,  
Hardness of heart, innumerable scars;  
And, on the retina of his wicked eye,  
Pictures painted by his murderous hand,  
Enough to fill a gallery of crime,—

Of relatives enough, most foully slain,  
To fill a country churchyard of fair size,  
Leaving himself almost relationless,  
By his inventions queer to take them off.

. . . . .

With piety he should have been well filled :  
His mother said good prayers, attended mass,  
Taught him the royal catechism well,  
Administered maternal law to suit  
Her own caprice, anticipating good.  
Whate'er her prayers, whate'er the lessons given,  
He learned deceit, and trifled much with heaven.  
Shakspeare, in his vocabulary, found  
Expressive names enough for this young duke, —  
“Hell’s black intelligencer,” “spider,” “toad,”  
“Hedgehog,” “devil,” and “base son of hell.”  
Christened with names so diabolical,  
The world has looked on him as badly soiled.  
If merited, Shakspeare should rest in peace ;  
If not, he should awakened be, and give,  
At once, account for using such bad names.  
Poetic license is a useful gate

For poets to slip through, when closely pressed.  
Though history be close upon their heels,  
They have no fear. Imagination stands,  
A ready sentinel, to give alarm,  
And dazzle with her brilliancy the foe.

. . . . .

High-colored pictures, if not natural,  
Offend the taste of an artistic school,  
As novels written for a vulgar crowd,  
Filled with unnatural imaginings,  
Provoke the sensible to cry, "For shame!"  
We do not say that Shakspeare painted ill;  
But the short space of time we much deplore,  
Between the taking-off of Henry Sixth  
And Anne's love-making with this son of York.  
We trust a month, at least, did intervene,  
To save propriety from a lament.

. . . . .

No pious youth of family renowned,  
Though his proportions fail of being fair

As an Apollo, or King Henry Fifth,  
Would care to make a contract with Hades  
To sever ties fraternal, and permit  
Ambition for a crown to wreck his soul.  
But Richard Third was impious enough  
To save the noble family of York  
From an old age and its attending ills.  
Unwilling that his brother should endure  
The many ills he did anticipate,  
Thus lovingly unburdened he his heart : —  
“I do love thee so that I will shortly  
Send thy soul to heaven, if heaven  
Will take the present at our hands.”  
He made the winter, once called glorious,  
Frigid enough to freeze the royal blood  
Within the veins of Clarence and the king.  
Encouraged much by such a setting out,  
He prayed for wintry weather most intense,  
Declaring that he longed for summer days,  
And from fraternal gardens sweet perfume.

. . . . .

His love for funerals was quite unique.  
The murderer to-day is not inclined

To stay the hearse that bears his victim on,  
Engage in dialogues exceptional,  
Delay with angry words the obsequies,  
And, with commands peremptory, affright  
Those who would decently inter their dead.  
But he would stay the funeral of a king  
Whose death he had most anxiously desired,  
And striven well for the accomplishment,  
That with deceit supreme, and blandishments,  
He might have chance to try his wooing on  
With the chief mourner of the funeral train,  
Who had been lately widowed by his hand.  
With flattery well poised, persuasively,  
He tells his love, and with such sweet accent,  
That Anne is won, whose mouth, with curses filled  
But yesterday, has kisses sweet for him.  
The funeral cortége starts. The royal corse  
Goes now unhindered to its burial-place.

. . . . .

It cannot be that Shakspeare, in the play,  
Desires our weak credulity to strain  
Until the strings of common-sense shall snap

With the peculiar tension he applies ;  
But, rather, that we exercise our wits  
Until most healthy action is attained,  
That we may judge if poetry and fact  
Are well united in the story told.  
We turn to history, and search with care ;  
Then carefully compare it with the play,  
Hoping to find the duke has been traduced,  
That his morality was better far  
Than Shakspeare on the page would represent.  
Unsatisfied with the embellishments  
That poetry has furnished lavishly,  
We look into the camera of fact,  
And find correct impressions upside down.  
If Shakspeare painted Richard for a prize,  
Or an advertisement to sell his verse,  
He should have hung his ugly portrait up  
Within a gilded frame to set it off.

. . . . .

If history has not been reticent,  
But faithfully portrays his character,  
We should with its plain statements be content,

And save ourselves from further stress of mind.  
What doth it matter if Shakspeare has dreamed  
That Richard's teeth were grown before their time?  
Or that a score of tailors he engaged?  
Or spent his money for a looking-glass?  
We study Richard's character to find,  
If, in the weighing of his qualities,  
There may not be a scruple more of good  
Than Shakspeare in his estimation found.  
Many to-day as then, in reckoning,  
For every one bad deed will carry nine,  
Instead of one for ten, which is enough;  
Thus into the arithmetic of life  
They introduce a most pernicious rule,  
And find at length the bad deeds multiplied  
More than a computation just would show.  
Bad men are often weighed with rusty scales,  
Together with their wrappings; and the world,  
Guessing only at their actual weight,  
Makes a false charge, and bids them not complain.  
Mankind must suffer, and are oft condemned,  
For their inherited deformities  
Of mind and body, helpless to elect  
That which would give best color to their lives.

Richard Plantagenet, his lying sire,  
With Henry Sixth made solemn covenant,  
But broke his vow as easily as men  
Deceive and lie to-day to win a prize  
Of far less value than a British crown.  
A dangerous scion, from a poisoned tree,  
Whose roots for centuries had taken life  
From that which genders sap detestable,  
Shedding an upas-perfume o'er an age,  
Entailed the duke with such inheritance.  
Let those who would invectively assail  
The character of such unfortunates,  
Forget not that inheritance has claim  
To fair considerations ere they judge.  
We find some thrifty trees with ugly trunks,  
Deprived of beauty by a natural cause,  
Revealing scars and bold excrescences,  
Disfiguring the orchards where they grow ;  
Inviting us by their deformities  
To occupy their places of much worth,  
With those of better growth and beautiful.  
We raise the axe to cut reluctantly,  
For here and there we find some hidden fruit,  
Sweeter than that upon the graceful tree



That promised us so much, but failed to yield  
What we required for our best nourishment.

. . . . .

The age was murderous, and called for blood.  
Men cared as little for their brothers' heads  
As farmers do for antiquated fowls,  
Which they decapitate for useful ends,  
Anear Thanksgiving time, with easy grace.  
Richard, for exercise unnatural,  
Tossed the warm head of Somerset about,  
Which he had severed in his wantonness,  
As boys would toss a football on the field ;  
Declaring that he should be ill at ease  
Until King Henry's was alike disgraced.

. . . . .

Literary athletes often air their strength,  
Attempting criticism to their harm.  
They even enter the poetic ring  
To spar with Shakspeare ; only to receive  
An unexpected blow, so damaging,

The sponge goes up, and they are taken off.  
Some quite dislike the cut of Shakspeare's clothes,  
Accuse his tailor of an ugly fit,  
When thus apparelled say that Shakspeare looks  
Like other poets when they're badly dressed.  
But there are those of literary strength  
Who criticise with a desire to give  
Unto the world an estimate most fair;  
But should they dare to say, though honestly,  
His inspiration lacks the quality  
To touch the finer sensibilities  
In this murderous play of Richard Third,  
Although acknowledging his wondrous power,  
According him supreme poetic strength, —  
They would be called upon to answer why  
That with perfection they took liberties.

. . . . .

The harp of Poesy has many strings.  
While one will roughly play and carelessly,  
Another, with a touch most delicate,  
Produces harmony that lifts the soul  
Into a sweeter atmosphere of life.

But Shakspeare, like no other, sweeps the strings  
With a bold hand, until he fills a world  
With music wonderful, melodious,  
Enchanting all who listen to the sounds.  
Magnetic power, and skill to fascinate,  
He well displays, then leaves a world to dream  
Of his astounding feats unparalleled.  
He failed to write a love-song for the king  
Who said such loving, honeyed words to Anne.  
A proper epitaph he failed to write  
For him who sought in vain for a fast horse  
To make quick time away from Bosworth Field.  
But he declares the king had intellect  
Sufficient to have made a better man ;  
Bespeaks his valor, with some earnestness,  
Displayed in mad encounters with his foes.  
But we lament that Shakspeare did not find  
More traits of character desirable  
In this declared ungrateful son of York.  
Perhaps he knew not that King Richard wished  
To be a missionary to his friends,  
Like pious Puritans in later times,  
Who hung the Quakers just to do them good.

Richard's defeat at length, on Bosworth Field,  
Placed England's crown upon King Henry's head.  
The king and court said nothing good of him  
Who had so lately worn the British crown,  
But branded him a villain the most foul ;  
And from that time historians have been  
Painting King Richard's character, until  
It has grown blacker than the blackest imp  
In the Inferno of which Dante sings.  
Bad things grow faster travelling than good.  
Four centuries quite naturally give  
A sable look to this poor king's misdeeds.  
The world is tardy in the polishing  
Of better qualities and deeds of men,  
While every fault finds ready burnishers.

. . . . .







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